BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining *JAPM: The Poetry Weekly*

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1930

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

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TWO EPIC CRUCIFIXIONS

Christ and Judas and the two Marys, never justly reckoned, form the nuclei of the season's two most impressive books of verse, Robinson Jeffers' *Dear Judas* (*Horace Liveright,* New York, $2.50) and Lola Ridge's *Firehead* (*Payson & Clarke,* New York, $2.50) in eloquent contrast one to the other—a duet of dark and light, of shadow and fire. It is a puissant commentary upon the trend of our literary attention, that two such serious and pretentious long poems should occur almost simultaneously, dealing with the same theme, from almost totally differing aspects. Jeffers, in modern intuitive terror, looks with an eternal eye upon the sad spectacle of Calvary; Ridge with the flaming insight of faith perceives the spectacle as a manifestation of hope. Necessarily the conception of Jeffers is more subtle and more sophisticated than that of his less mysterious opponent.

Jeffers' book contains contains two longer poems and several short pieces; the second long poem, another addition to the saga of the California coast, is called with a somewhat perverse, almost sentimental affection, *The Loving Shepherdess,* and deals effectively though sometimes without sufficient restraint, with a wandering Ophelia, a martyr-harlot who lives and dies a rather operatic life and death. . . . The title poem *Dear Judas* is our primary consideration, representing, as it does, something of an advance in Jeffers' philosophy and technique. Constantly the California prophet has pointed the terrible anguish of fear to men moving with the broken wings of the hawk; here again the figure holds good. But here there is shown the kindness of death, in a universe where all is mad and dark.

Lola Ridge, with little of that drear maelstrom of emotion, presents a very different view of the situation, offering her glitter and golden intensity of descriptive epithet, victoriously, in the manner of a pageant, as contrasted with the agonizing dumbshow of Jeffers. Obviously there is more inherent unity to Jeffers' drama, which is, of course, shorter. Ridge's panorama is at best somewhat unorganic; her characters lack something in subtlety when compared with those of Jeffers. But they gain, something, in plausibility.

Perhaps the greatest single contrast in character is to be observed in the character of Judas as elucidated by these two poets. He is to Jeffers the lover of Christ; he is to Ridge the lover of Magdalene. To Jeffers he is possibly the hero of the tragedy; to Ridge he is the not impossible villain. . . . This is a divergence typical of the emphasis imposed by the two poets; for Ridge has made Magdalene the center about which the plot revolves, the intensified character, the figure not of clay. Ridge knows best her Magdalene; she does not know the Mother Mary so well, but rather romantically ruins her character. Jeffers knows best the bi-lateral and perhaps bi-sexual character of Christ and Judas—one person, one Janus, facing forward and backward and seeing the same.

It is a sign of hope in the heavens that two stars of such magnitude should appear close together. These are two thoroughly important

poems; their implications are manifold—their techniques are above reproach. Lola Ridge's poem is one of the most firmly marrowed long poems by a woman to come from our generation; and Robinson Jeffers' is another link in that iron chain whereby the great prison themselves to the eternal.

—Ernest Hartsock.

Two Poems

INTIMATION TO THE TOUCH

Rough bark of trees the sunlight leans against,
And stone thrust like the cool nose of a hound
Into the hand, though all the fields be fenced
And tamed by plows, keep something of the ground
That would return to freedom if it could,
Some intimation to the touch of flesh
That comes too quickly to be understood
And slips away through feeling's coarsened mesh.
It leaves us vaguely restless in the fields
And haunts us where the wings of stone are clipped
Against the sky, and acquisition yields
Strange burdens . . . where the passing wings that dipped
From distance, over us and stone and tree,
Have left us staring where we could not see.

THE TALK OF CEDARS

Through nights when skies became a quiet sea
Of stars about the indomitable stone
Of ledges, sheer against infinity,
I heard the cedars' talk. No wind had blown
The words of distance into them, no stars
Had flamed to affirmation that slow speech—
It came from depths where dark roots bear the scars
Of sundered flint, from heights the boughs could reach.

Here no voice strained for fear it go unheard
And quiet confidence of tested things
Spoke softly, and each irrefutable word
Was rhythmic with the sound of unseen wings
And distant waters—where the shouts of tribes
Were blown to silence that the dust inscribes!

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

THE TROUT

This trout, half silver in the stream,
This trout with short and freckled tail,
Ruffles the waters of his dream
Above the river's stony trail.
He sinuously moves, alive
To every tiny rush of sound,
A pebble cast will make him dive
To deeps where hands are never found.
The mossy fountain of the brook
Rises into a river here,
He follows where the eddies crook,
The tide behind him running clear.
At times, in pale-green torpor, he
Clings to the panting mosses, too
Weary to seek eternity,
The sea, that everlasting blue.
Until at last, like one who long
Has fed on fancy, the dark foam
Clicks round his fins, and like a song
He flashes down the stream for home.

—HAROLD VINAL.

THE FIELD TREE

A lonely tree, spared in a field,
Grown to a bulbous unwarped span,
Symmetrical and chastely cold,
Isolated from all near kin,

Racked with the rut of spring, and bearing
Shelled seeds whose sprouted hope
Is systematically uprooted
In premeditated wholesale rape,—

While flimsier cousins green, and brown,
Are borne to bin and fodder stack,
With never a bole for the snow to tone
From glaring dazzle to homely black. . . .

A lonely tree, cleft from your fellows,
Guarded sterile, tended for shade,
Do you know bitter brooding hours,
Shrunk at the perfection man has made?

—CLEMENT WOOD.

ESCAPE

There is more solace in the thinned
Ethereal evening atmosphere,
More comradeship in rain and wind,
A greater joy in bleak and blear

Wintry blasts on mountain slope,
Than in the sick-sweet haunts of man;
And I can find a firmer hope
In swelling bud than ever I can

In promises of human folk,
In human voices, human hearts;
And in the crash of thunderstroke
And in the honest lightning darts

I shall know unflavored truth
And feel that I can live again:
Here in our eternal youth
Risen where its age had lain .

Let me cut the fetters down
And leave, unsocially, my own;
Let me escape your every town,
For I have lived and I have grown

And I am willows, I am birch,
I am sun and field and sea;
And only by this way and search
Can you become as one with me.

—Benjamin Musser.

TWISTED TREES

You love the sea too much, brother. Such love is not good,
How can you be a poet if you divide your love?
Your thoughts are thick and tangled as dark trees in a wood;
And the grotesque leaning thereof
Toward the open sea, is from following the wind—
The old wind toward China and far, salty space.
You love the sea too much, brother. One knows you have sinned
By the look that the sea has branded on your face.

She is a cruel mistress. She never will be kind,—
But yo uare a lover . . . and blind!

—Idella Purnell.

THE LAST GRIZZLY

Somewhere among the impregnable rocks, his sleep
  Outlasts the winter. He will stand no more
To snarl into the tempest on the height
  Or in the gorges let defiance roar
Above the water-thunder. He shall keep
His cave forever—in an endless night.

Great rocks will stand alone where he had stood,
  Shoulder to shoulder with them upon the trail,
To sniff the air in vain for his vanquished kind,
  Old memories hot beneath the lash of hail . . .
He has faded from vastness and the towering wood—
And left more subtle fierceness and greed behind.

  The mountainous bulk of muscle, the dauntless heart—
  They are shrunken now and cold on the cavern stone,
And claws like sabers shall flash out no more
  From the desperate sheath. On emptiness alone
The worn fangs snapped at last . . . but prowlers dart
From shadows—where his shadow had towered before.

The tawny hunters creeping at the edge
  Of night will skulk from thunder, sensing him . . .
Let no beast-strength be praised—if this could die!
  No massive form be outlined on a dim
Ridge of the sky-swept stone, as if to pledge
The wild earth with its back against the sky!

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

Our loves—fears—angers—leave so light a mark
On time!—a sigh ,a snatch of song, a prayer,
And all our breath is spent; again the air
Is empty of us: vain it is to hark
For echoes of our crying anywhere.
Here lie high priest and king and hierarch:
We trace their dusty names in the cloistered dark,
Pausing a moment—wondering who they were.

Yet aspiration lives when carved in stone—
Uttered in marble. Each misericorde—
Each choir—is prayer made visible. The portal—
The arch—is praise. Through loveliness alone
Man may achieve the mercy of the Lord—
Through loveliness alone be made immortal!

—Mary Sinton Leitch.

THE CAUSE

This was the sin he died of,
He that had done no wrong;
This was the ill—remembering
Too much too long.

Once he had stepped so lightly,
With sky above his head;
Then he began to build it,
The high house that is dead.

Then he began the touching
Of timbers till they caught,
And joined, and were imbedded
Drily in his thought.

Unknowing how he reared them,
He let the rafters rise;
And some of them joined duly
And some went crazy-wise,

Spreading the roof so strangely
The ridges there ran mad—
Extended other gables,
Drew in the ones they had—

Until the wooden limits
Streamed like bonnet strings,
And a grey building spiralled
In taller, taller rings.

So it leaned and toppled,
Although he did no wrong.
He had grown old remembering
Too much too long.

—Mark Van Doren.

HARVESTER

Blow, Ye Winds! And bend, Ye Trees!
I'm not forgetting the waiting rain!
I have sown a laughing breeze
And reaped a weeping hurricane—
I'll not be singing your song again.

—Kathleen Millay.

SEA LOVER

I who have loved the sea with a lover's passion,
My soul's self lost in its multitudinous surge,
Spirit-light haunted its waters foam flower fashion,
Tenebrous as a dream on the night's dark verge—
I who have known the sea's insatiable clamors,
Felt the cool water-fingers clutch at my heart,
My body shake to the stroke of its furious hammers,
The seagull's cry in my blood like a singing dart—
I who have throned on the azure vast, supernal,
Poised as a hawk on the palisades of light,
Dared the ladder of stars to the sky's eternal
Arch . . . am plunged in the abyss of implacable might,
Bound to undying death under hell's rafter,
Remembering the sea and the sea's ineffable laughter.

—VERNE BRIGHT.

HEART'S WINTER

This is the time of wind and sullen dusk,
The summer's brief emotion now is spent.
Earth's rheumy wheat corrodes within the husk
In frosty malice, mildewed discontent.
The snail of lust curls in its shell of ice;
The heart is shrivelled, the expanding head
Weighs niggardly lost pleasure at its price
And dowers youth with Decalogues for bread.

How few of all who went the primrose way
Have kept their posies fresh unto the end!
Now, pressed in dappled albums of decay
The withered oat consoles the dusty friend;
Now they who once were glad, were young together
Go down alone like trees in windy weather.

—Ernest Hartsock.

TROPIC WARNING

If you're a dolt and a dizzard,
Here you may blink in a bog,
And doze with another lizard
Under a mildewed log.

If you're a god you may hie you
Into a cypress spire,
And pipe while the sun on the bayou
Sinks like a ship on fire;

But if you are neither Pan nor
Twisted green on a stick,
Better erect your manor
Close to the clocks that tick.

—Mildred Plew Merryman.

ON BEING A WOMAN

Her heart was valiant. But life caught her young
And nailed her to a cross made of her pride,
Wove loyalties into a crown of thorns
And thrust a spear of duty in her side.

So crucified through all the weary years
Betrayed to endless misery by a kiss
She vaguely envied Christ who died so soon.
Was Calvary like this?

—Ruth Peiter.

THE FIR TREE

Willows release their leafy feathers,
Oaks ungreen to the nipping air,
Elm leaves tug at their ageing tethers,
Eager to leap and be off somewhere. . . .
But the needled lungs of the somber fir-tree
Cling with a firmer, lonelier hold:
Winter has sealed this tree as her tree,
Unintermittent to the cruellest cold.

Willows in spring are a golden burning,
Oaks are rosy lacy mist,
Elms robed black with a russet yearning,
All seeking green summer's tryst. . . .
But the needled lungs of the somber fir-tree
Hardly alter, hardly fade:
For life has badged this tree as her tree,
With a thin persisting accolade.

Spring is a rainbow softly greening,
Summer a lush and emerald noon,
Autumn a fire, leaping and leaning
Against blue sky and low red moon. . . .
But the needled lungs of the somber fir-tree
Know the far-off hour they keep:
For death has crowned this tree as her tree,
And death is a long quiet sleep.

—Clement Wood.

PRIVATION

The first year passed . . . she knew he was discerning
Her petty faults, though in the meantime apt
To overlook his own. Each night returning,
Buoyed up by self-complacency, he sapped
Her courage till one day she came to fear it
Would drive her mad, and mustered every shred
Of womanhood to prop her drooping spirit,
Then calmly packed her traveling-bag and fled.

Each morning now at breakfast while he munches
His half-burned toast, he summons self-conceit;
There is no one to prey on, so he crunches
The last charred crust, then rises to his feet,
Weary of in-grown thoughts and blackened toast. . . .
Without an audience he cannot boast.

—Roberta Stiles.

NIGHT WORKER

This is my world—these pallid avenues
Where footsteps detonate and shadows etch
Blackly a street deserted.
This is my world unpopulous, diffuse,
A canvas blankly ready for the sketch
Of life, but life averted.

Alert and sleepless, in that sleep-bound hour
Before the day, I, single and withdrawn,
Am lord of this dead city;
Loose from that mass, wadded and dank and sour,
That turns these streets to sewers with the dawn,
A sight for scorn and pity.

Now for an instant is my city mine;
Now, silent but for self-made sound, I hold
Its secret to my bosom—
Its builded miracles of taut design,
Stripped architecture sharp in cut and fold,
Its bared pure mechanism.

—Miriam Allen deFord.

THE DEVIL TO VEHEMENT VIRGINS

Ladies neat and proper as a fiat,
I pray you make your condemnations light
Lest I be tricked into your body's quiet
And startle there an impulse of delight.

Draw veils across your laughter-muted eyes
For fear the cloven hoof intrude upon
The ardors you so painfully disguise
With wintry smile and vestures of a nun.

Sleep soundly, ladies, let no April dawn
Ensnare you in its maze of amethyst
Where maenads frolic with the goat-legged faun
And strange gods dazzle through the blossom-mist!

Be quick to hasten dire austerities
Lest you be drawn into a heathen revel
And yield your pallor to these ecstasies:
Pray ladies neat, be light upon the devil!

—Henri Faust.

FOOTBALL COACH

Here is the man whose clamor rules the college;
While bearded sages walk, he rides in state.
To sophomores he is the fount of knowledge,
Now deans and presidents are out of date.
With shaggy brow and paleolithic jaw
He baits his lions for the Coliseum,
Knowing he feeds the great collegiate maw,
Knowing the public bows and shouts *te deum!*

Inured to murder on the sodden field
He butchers English grammar sans a wince;
Yet with Aladdin's touch he can make yield
The wealth of Ind. . . . His very grunts convince.
The home team scores, the student body hollers:
The coach collects another thousand dollars!

—Ernest Hartsock.

ECLIPSE

There was a man in Collingsford
Foretold the coming of the Lord.

His head was wreathed in gyred flame—
In archangelic guise he came

Into our hamlet's narrow street,
The dust of stars about his feet.

He strode the cataclysmic gloom
His stark voice prophesying doom;

He damned the weaknesses of flesh
That holds the winged soul in mesh;

Consigned all men, for wickedness,
To burn in hell's austere duress.

Tall as a shadow in the sun
He beckoned toward oblivion.

The sun went out . . . the sun came back
Along its old diurnal track.

Duped by an iterate surmise,
The fire of lost suns in our eyes,

Hungry of heart, we still go yearning
Toward dust and dream—the world goes turning—

And still we wait in Collingsford
The fabled coming of the Lord.

—Verne Bright.

EVENT IN SPRING

Up thru the seemingly gentle minutes
Men raise their heads
And peer with tipped faces
At the under side of clouds

Two pale green eggs
Hang on a season's out-rigger
Thinking dreams
That will always remain in the robin family

Quiet rain and early branches
Raise timid colors
From the relaxed earth
Where snow memories tumble in brooks

Little eggs will crack
Beneath a brown stomach
And brand new eyes will pop
Over the brim of a grass bowl

Barren topped men with assisted eyes
Will crawl toward the fulcrum of movement
Watching microphim and electobim
Obey invisible parents

Thru the gauze of itemized stricture
Growth will push forward
With fierce energy
To duplicate the veining of a leaf

Unmindful of its title
Biology will unfold
And geology will grin
Into another wrinkle

Young birds with frightened faces
Will imitate their mother
And flap ridiculously to the grass
While their hearts pound

—James Henry Sullivan.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

Hunters of Heaven, by Clement Wood (*Frederick Stokes Co.,* New York. $3.50)

There is in the impetuous and dauntless aspiration of Clement Wood —an Elizabethan lust for literary conquest. Although filled with somewhat extravagant assertions, this new study of Americans' unfulfilled desires is highly provocative and covers a wide range of historical material with typical candor and vision. Not content with making an anthology where everybody speaks a piece, Mr. Wood ends up his show with some neat notes on Heaven on Earth and the future fate of beauty. The book is indisputably interesting, both as a running commentary on religion and as a textbook on poetic sociology.

Poetry and Hathematics, by Scott Buchanan (*John Day,* New York. $2.50)

There is a tremendous interpretive value about this philosophical valuation of modern scientific and critical terminology. Though Dr. Buchanan's primary interest is that of a logician, and though his conviction is that truth is approachable only in proportion to the subtlety of the investigator, one can scarcely escape the impact of his conclusions, which by the approach of analogies dreadfully illuminate our apparent intellectual sureties. Though bordering sometimes upon metaphysics and sometimes on mere sophistry, the discussion uncovers the roots of metaphors, and thereby of connotations and symbols, features proved common to poetry and to mathematics, literature and science. That the author's comprehension of mathematics is more exact and penetrating than his insight into the poetic process, is somewhat obvious; for this reason and for his too brittle and unpsychological handling of poetry, one must feel some regret. After all, his interest is that of the coroner at the inquest of eternity; and it doesn't spring from an inferiority complex.

The Book of Sonnet Sequences, edited by Houston Peterson (*Longmans, Green & Co.,* New York. $3.50)

A humane and laudable impulse actuated the compilation of this Mosaic of sonnets from Sidney and Shakespeare down to Rupert Brooke and Edna Millay; and while the designation "sequence" has been given somewhat unwarranted elasticity, there is a germ of coherence in each group selected. Although such inclusions as Wilfred Scawen Blunt's "Esther" and Eugene Lee-Hamilton's "Minna Bella"

seem in dubious taste, they lend a species of weak variety to the classic selections. The selection of David Gray's sonnets for inclusion is a happy one, and atones in part for the sad omission of Keats. Even Milton, though not a composer of sequences, is missed from any assortment of great sonnets. . . . However, sequences our editor chose to collect, and the result is an intimate anthology.

Bow of Burning Gold, by E. Merrill Root (*Robt. Packard*, Chicago. $2.00)

The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness is Merrill Root. And his cry is a shout of flaming affirmation for the spirit; yet when all is said and done his affirmation is of dread and not essentially of faith: it is dark affirmation. His cry is against a machine age; his panacea is emotional warmth and glamor of soil. Unlike most of our rhymers, he has a message; he has, likewise an individuality of technique. For these two qualities he stands out in Gothic relief like a Medieval apocalypse cut in wood. His limitations seem compassed and bound up in his virtues; his message he tends to repeat—his rhetoric likewise is iterative. The Burning Bush, Golgotha, Flame—are recurrent symbols in the heroic and impassioned verses of this prophet; but one sometimes wishes that the prophet would yield to the interpreter, to produce more emotionally effective snatches of illuminated imagination such as "The Cow" or "Dark Halo" (the conclusion to which was injured severely by the alteration of the concluding lines to point a moral). Merrill Root is a poet with almost epic intensity; he is a conscientious and fervent artist.

New Legends, by Hervey Allen (*Farrar and Rinehart*, New York. $2.00)

In his "*Predicament*" Mr. Allen has given vent to his feelings by exhibiting his preference for the "sublime" and "lofty" types of verse as antidotes for the modern inefficacy of poetry. Following this reactionary credo, the poet indulges in well over a hundred pages of lengthy verse, much of which is on Classical topics and in the Victorian manner, full of "mem'ry" and inversions. . . . He has returned to Romanticism, forgetting that the way of the world is cyclic but that there is no turning back. That some of the poems in this volume have emotional integrity is commendable; that they are purposely phrased in the dull jargon of the past and not in the living speech of the present is unfortunate. The shorter poems in the volume seem to us the most successful, the most craftsmanlike. Most of the others languish in smooth tautology, illuminated with only glimmers of occasional gold. That Romanticism is legitimate, we do not deny; but that it must be a new and original romance, we insist.

The Black Christ and Other Poems, by Countee Cullen (*Harper & ros.*, New York. $2.00)

The third book of poems by Countee Cullen illustrates rather obviously that the Cullen of *Color* is the Cullen of today; he has not

advanced in his craft to any marked degree. In his new volume his better poems are on the subjugation and humiliation of his race, as they have been hitherto; his new love poems are inferior to the earlier ones. Only in such spirited and passionately surging poems as *Black Majesty* and *Not Sacco and Vanzetti* does he rise above a gracile rhyming. . . . Portions of his ambitious long poem *The Black Christ* have this tropical fury against traditional justice; there are some tidal sweeps of feeling in this poem. One cannot help wishing, however, that the critics and a racial heritage had not made Cullen so self-conscious that his subject matter is highly circumscribed.

The Collected Poems of Gerald Gould (*Payson & Clarke*, New York. $3.00)

These collected poems by the prominent English newspaper reveiwer, are mature and conservative and generally dignified. Not necessarily academic, but rather poised and cultured, they are often charmingly robust in a calm sort of way. They are more than all, English to the core. They are in no sense of the word great poetry, yet they are adequate and expressive poetry in a distinguished minor tradition. . . . Such moving pieces as "For a Friend Killed in Battle" and certain of the concluding Sonnets distinguish Gerald Gould as a thoroughly sincere and affable human being full of simplicity and good sound terrestrial humor.

The Fate of the Jury, by Edgar Lee Masters (*D. Appleton & Co.*, New York. $2.50)

This sequel to the rather unsuccessful *Domesday Book* has practically the same virtues and vices as its predecessor; it is interestingly drawn in point of character, and is filled with a knowledge and comprehension of the inextricable mesh wherein the individual moves and lives and has his being. But this book, too, is filled with incompetencies of phrase and verbal banalities. What is the adjective for the landscape? "Lovely." . . . The air is "balmy" in Book Eight. The diction is so prosaic throughout as to be almost Bathetic; the plot's the thing—and the character. Again we insist: This is a fairly good novel but scarcely any poem at all.

Tristan in Brittany, translated by Dorothy Leigh Sayers (*Payson and Clarke, New York.* 3.00)

Interesting criefly because of its whimsical and unusually humid literary approach, this translation by Miss Sayers of the XIIth century romance of Thomas the Anglo-Norman is one illustration of what happens when a clever person translates something generally considered dull. It has spirit and grace.

The King With Three Faces, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert, (*Scribner's,* New York. $2.00)

The initial offering in Mrs. Seiffert's new volume is a simple but mystical allegory stated with economy and incision. This is not to say that the interpretation of the allegory is at all easy, for it is not; certainly it is a parable of modern men and the eternal feminine, and emotion tragically victorious. It is not one of Mrs. Seiffert's peculiarities to be other than covert in her implications. . . . Often as in the sad, whimsical little concluding play of "Noah's Ark" the poet gets at the exquisite pity of mortals lost in infinity; the practice is necessarily highly subjective and not a little bent upon introspection. But there are few lapses into the hollowness of rhetoric, and there is a bitingly tender dexterity with Laconic phrases. It is poetry that only a woman could have written.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Adam had been reading Genesis
And said he thought its action rather crude.
He heartily endorsed the nemesis
Which climaxes this Study of the Nude.
Blond Eve, delighting in her naughtiness,
Refused to gather leaves to hide the truth
And since Freud made her spirit effervesce
She followed him impetuously forsooth.
Eve bothered nervous Adam with a kiss,
Calling him "a Puritanic prude,"
Asking, "Must a lady come to this,
Insisting that her soulmate treat her rude?
Pray, must a man be coaxed to gather fruit?
Be less a man, young dear, and more a brute!"

—Harry Elmore Hurd.

CORAL ISLANDS

Although with lives submerged and brief
  Insects will mount above
Until they make a coral reef
  They are not dreaming of.

So from dark waters of our doubt,
  (More than we ever meant)
On our dead selves, we may lift out
  A fertile continent.

—Louis Ginsberg.

The biggest thrill I've had recently was the (by me not unexpected) news that the 1929 award of the chief annual prize bestowed by the Poetry Society of America went to our editor, Mr. Hartsock.—The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Award ($150) for 1929, under the auspices of Palms, was divided between Elder Olson, University of Chicago; Miriam Cosand, Butler University, and Dorothe Bendon, Mills College.—"Through a fortunate dispensation" the editors of *The Kaleidoscope* (702 N. Vernon St., Dallas, Texas) are offering a total of $200 in prizes through their magazine in 1930. The December issue (15c) gives details.—Every four months the publishers of *The Stratford Magazine* (289 Congress St., Boston, Mass.) award $100 for the best poem submitted to the editors during those four months.

Do you know nice Helen E. Hecht? Well, she and Alan Frederick Pater (twin brothers of Ben Hecht and Walter Pater?) have an attack of editoritis: they're issuing *Poetry Quarterly* at 920 Avenue St. John, N. Y. City, 35c the copy, $1.40 the year. Give the little girl and the pater a great big hand!—Ben Botkin, on the Univ. of Oklahoma faculty, sent me the first issue (151 pages) of his *Folk Say: A Regional Miscellany,* under the auspices of the Oklahoma Folk-Lore Society, Norman, Okla. Prose by Stanley Vestal and a dozen others, verse by Lynn Riggs, Walter Evans Kidd, Edwin Ford Piper and eight more, and an admirable introduction by B. A. Botkin, editor. No price indicated; write for information. Don't miss it; it will fill a unique place.—Franz A. Finberg has decided to make his *Harlequinade* $3.00 a year. It is a twice-a-month, mimeographed, 15c the copy; the address is Box 477, Abilene, Texas. No. 2 included a beautiful staff artist's atrocious conception of Ben Musser, retired "erudite editor of *Contemporary Verse.*" No wonder he retired! But Virginia Spates' "Song to B. M." in the same issue atoned for the caricature.—Lillith Loraine (Box 2542, Tucson, Arizona) will be guest-editor of the Arizona Number of *Troubadour,* to appear the end of January. In addition to her advisory and associate editors, Miss Loraine writes me she has the co-operation of D. Maitland Bushby, "without whom, of course, nothing is ever done in Arizona."—Which brings two pieces of news clamoring for space: The troubadour Press, Box 718, San Diego, Calif., is issuing the "Ha-Nuwah Series" of ten contemporary younger poets of America; the entire series of ten books will be mailed to you, singly as they leave the press, for $5.00 postpaid. Among the poets are John H. Knox of Texas and Dorothy Kruger of New York. Miss Kruger's *Bright Harvest* is a pip. I ought to know: I had the honor of writing the introduction.—the other news relates to D. Maitland Bushby's new mimeographed quarterly verse magazine of the Southwest, *Tom-Tom,* Box 186, Scottsdale, Arizona, 35c the copy. His associate editors are Arthur Truman Merrill, S. Omar Barker and John H. Knox. Mait will "not consider radical verse of any description. Preference will be given to the older, established forms of poetry, but free verse will be used when exceptional."—On the other hand, there is B. C. Hagglund, of Holt, Min., who writes me that in his mag, *The Northern Light,* hereafter to appear every fortnight in new format, he will use "the pungent, stinging stuff radicals delight in." So, both doves and buzzards have markets.—If you are a bibliophile specializing in rare editions, or if you have $10 to flip as a teaser, you will probably subscribe for *The Colophon: A Book Collector's Quarterly,* 229 W. 43rd St., N. Y. City.

Headquarters of The Poetry Society (Inc.), that is to say, the Poetry Society of England, and of *The Poetry Review,* have been transferred from 16, Featherstone Bldgs. to more commodious quarters at 44, Branham Gardens, S. Kensington, London S. W. 7.—The new address of Covici, Friede, publishers, is 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.—Padraic Colum has been in the Pope's Greens Island since September, gathering material for *Cross Roads in Ireland,* to be published by Macmillan as a companion volume to his delightful *Road Round Ireland.*—Robert Haven Schauffler, poet and musician, wrote, from Vienna, that he has been working on his Brahms biography. His two-volume work on Beethoven is superb.—Richard Arnzen Chance is taking a course in dramatic technique and poetic play-writing, under Prof. Koch, at the Univ. of North Carolina, and imbibing wisdom from Norman Foerster, Paul Green

and the lights of Chapel Hill.—Ben Musser will read his verse and give lectures, or whatcha-callems, in Boston on Jan. 20 and next day in Newport. I think those are the dates. If interested, enclose a post card for reply in letter of inquiry to Ada Borden Stevens, 30 Mt. Vernon St., Newport, R. I.—Edward Davison will read and lecture at the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Columbia Univ., N. Y. City, on Wednesday mornings at 10:30, Jan. 8, 15, 22 and 29.

Books which arrived at the old *Contemporary Verse* address too late for mention in the December issue (some are being reviewed elsewhere), include the anthology *Twentieth Century Poetry*, edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby and Wm. Rose Benet (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00); *Hemlock Wall*, by Frances M. Frost (Yale Univ. Press, $1.25); *Black Bread*, by Patience Ross (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75) brochure anthology *Pilgrims to Parnassus* (Bozart Press, 50c); *Fools or Gods*, by Lori Petri (Bozart, $2.00); *Casuals*, by Alice Porter (Bozart, $2.00); *Dreams at Dusk*, by Henri DeWitt Saylor (C. A. A. Parker, Medford, Mass.); *South and East*, by John Masefield (Macmillan, $2.00); *The Gleam*, brochure anthology of the Rochester Poetry Society, 57 Merriam St., Rochester, N. Y.; *The Gentle Magic of Remembered Dreams*, illustrated brochure by Margaret Price Stillman, Dream-Haven, College Park, Ga.

Rollo G. Silver, 215 W. 90th St., N. Y. City, has collated some rediscovered Walt Whitman articles and will issue them in a privately printed edition.—In London Putnam is bringing out *Fifty Poems*, the first collection of Lord Dunsany's poems to be published in book form.—If you hanker to spend $10 to be represented in *Crystal Challices*, "a gaily different anthology" of "magic music, elfin lyrics, fairy songs," write to Laureate Pub. Co., 26 Ralph Place, Buffalo, N. Y.—Did you send Henry Harrison a minimum of $7 and *One for Posterity*, or did you, like most of us, decide you have still to create even one poem worthy of perpetual preservation? Perhaps you saw the wisecrack in London *Punch*: Publisher—"I feel your work will be read long after Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy and Wells are forgotten." Budding Genius—"Really, Sir, I—" Publisher—"But not, I'm afraid, before." Ah, well.

—Atticus Mus.

THE EARLIEST GODS

The earliest gods men served were flesh and gristle—
Not wood, or stone, or filaments of air;
A valley of flesh, where widening raptures nestle;
A peak of flesh, passionate in its power.
The other gods came later; they have overstayed
Their doubtful need, their stinted welcome, here:
They have split men, they have watered the world with blood,
They have fouled life to its sweet dreaming core.
But still, here and there in unexpected places,
The persisting forms of the first gods are seen—
Weathered shards of forgotten Paradises,
Desiring bodies whose meaning is still well known:
Living valleys and living peaks—and you
And I, and more, who know that old faith is true.

—Clement Wood.

The Secret Chamber,
The Museum, Naples.

$200 Cash Award!

THROUGH the generosity of Benjamin Musser, well-known poet and critic, a cash award of $200 is offered for the best poem by a subscriber, which is published in BOZART, *The Bi-monthly Poetry Review* during the year 1930. This prize, to be known as the *Benjamin Musser Award,* is open to subscribers only. Judges will be announced later.

QUATRAIN AWARD ANNOUNCED

The $10 prize for the best Quatrain published in BOZART during the year 1929, has been awarded to Grace Stone Coates of Martinsdale, Montana, for her poem SOPHISTICATION in the May-June issue. The second prize of books valued at $5.00 has been given Colquitt Koepp of Tucson, Ariz. Honorable mention is given to quatrains by Stanton A. Coblentz, Marco Carson, and Anne Hamilton.

$25 FREE VERSE AWARD

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a cash award of $25 for the best free verse poem published in Volume Three of BOZART, September-October, 1929, through July-August, 1930. No entries over fifty lines in length will be considered in the award; there are no restrictions as to subject matter. A Second Prize of Bozart Books will also be given.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages include Idella Purnell, editor of *Palms,* New York City; Mildred Plew Merryman of Valparaiso, Florida; Miriam Allen de Ford of San Francisco; Roberta Stiles, Brighton, Massachusetts; Seymour G. Link of New York City; and Harry Elmore Hurd of East Lynn, Massachusetts. Henri Faust returns to our pages after a long absence; James Henry Sullivan, of New York City, is a contributor to the New American Caravan.